I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer doe thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Iuliet. Is there no pitie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iuliet. O God. O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse. (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in
For it excels your first, or i
Your first is dead, or twere
As liuing here and you no
Iu. Speakest thou from
Nur. And from my soul
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou hast com
Go in, and tell my Lady I
Hauing displeasde my Fat
To make confession, and
Nur. Marrie I will, and
Iu. Auncient damnatio
Is it more sin to wish me t
Or to dispraise my Lord w
Which she hath praisde hi
So many thousand times?
Thou and my bosome hen
Ile to the Frier to know h
If all else faile, my selfe hau

Enter Frier

Fri. On Thursday sir, t
Pa. My Father *Capulet*
And I am nothing slow to
Fri. You say you doe n
Vneuen is the course, I lik
Pa. Immoderately she w
And therefore haue I little
For *Venus* smiles not in a h
Now sir, her father counts
That she doth giue her so
And in his wisedome hast
To stop the inundation of
VVhich too much minded
May be put from her by so

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3